

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 56—VOL. XVIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1806

NO. 922.

MURDER WILL OUT.—

(Continued.)

WHILE these dreadful and overwhelming thoughts and suspicions were passing in his mind and while he felt that if he did not disclose what he had seen he was an accomplice of the murderer, yet could not prevail on himself to expose the life of his still dear incognitia, he heard Apreece's voice desiring him to come to him immediately. He found him dreadfully agitated, and with an expression of horror on his countenance.

"Oh, my dear friend!" cried Apreece, "such a sight have I seen! Oh, that devil in the shape of an angel! Who could have thought it? But I never liked her, and I shall rejoice to bring her to justice."

"What do you mean?" replied Dunbar, turning pale.

"Why—I felt so suffocated that I got up to the window just now to breathe the air if I could, and there if I did not see your incognitia, having just killed a man, roll him into the water to hide what she had done! But by St. David she shan't escape so; for if I do not inform against her, may I never see Wales again!"

A feeling like that of death came over Dunbar as his friend vowed to give up the incognitia to justice, and wholly governed by the dictates of passion, he endeavored to convince him, though with little hope of success, that he must have been in a dream.

"A dream, indeed!" replied Apreece; no, no—you shall not persuade me out of my senses."

These words suggested to Dunbar a means of saving his incognitia, whom, though he believed her to have been guilty of murder, he could not bear to see her exposed to punishment, for how did he know what provocation the deceased had given her? Perhaps he had attempted her honor; perhaps he had murdered her father, or ruined her sister; perhaps she was herself insane. All these excuses for her guilt presented themselves to his mind; and the consequence was, that he artfully replied to all Apreece's expressions of horror, and details of what he had seen, with shrugs of the shoulders, with suppressed laughs, and with earnest requests that he would keep himself quiet, and endeavor to sleep;—till at last the irascible Welchman could bear it no longer; but starting up in his bed, and swearing an oath, he said he would not be treated as if he was mad, when he knew he was as much in his senses as ever he had been in his life.

"Poor soul!" replied Dunbar, shaking his head; and Apreece, undressed as he was, jumped out of bed, and vowed that if he persisted in believing him to be in a delirium, he would have satisfaction that moment.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" cried Dunbar; "you forget we have neither swords or pistols, let me persuade you to go to bed again."

At this moment the jailor, hearing a noise, entered; and in vain did Apreece relate to him what he had seen in the field,—for Dunbar hinted to him the deranged state of the relater; on which exclaiming, "Ah, le pauvre homme!" he

paid not the smallest attention to what Apreece said, but declared he would go directly for the surgeon. Apreece immediately began to protest that he was in his perfect senses, and that he would fight any man who said he was not.

"Yes," cried Dunbar maliciously, "he has been challenging me to single combat."

"Ah le pauvre homme!" said the jailor; and Apreece provoked beyond bearing, struck a blow at his head; on which the terrified Frenchman began calling. "Diable! La Fleur! Japues! Victor! vite, vite! venez, venez ici!" and Dunbar, spite of his distress, could scarcely help laughing at the grotesque appearance of Apreece and the comic expression of fear on the jailor's face as he beheld the threatening looks and attitude of the Welchman, and attributed them to an attack of phrenzy.

"Come, come," said Dunbar, "do get into bed; for this violence and this conduct will never convince us that you are in your senses."

"That's true," cried Apreece, beginning to feel himself exhausted by his exertions; and Dunbar seeing him lie quietly down and look thoughtful, began to hope that he had convinced him he was in a delirium, and that the scene in the garden was merely the fancy of his distempered brain.

"How long have you felt this disorder coming on?" asked Dunbar, with a look of pity.

"Disorder!—why now, colonel Dunbar, do you really expect to persuade me that I am mad, and did not see the incognitia as I described her?"

"To be sure I do."

"I tell you I saw her as plain as I see you."

"And how was she dressed?"

"In a hat and feathers and a fine gay shawl."

"Poor soul!" provokingly muttered Dunbar. "So then, this lady whom you and I never saw in any other head-dress than a veil;—for answer me, did you ever see her before dressed in the manner you now mention?"

"No, never—I must own that."

"—So then this young lady dresses herself up in fine shawls and feathers in the middle of the night, and comes out into a field to commit murder! A likely story this, indeed. No, my good friend; it is much easier for me to believe that your illness has ended in a delirium, than that this wonderful relation of yours should be true."

"I protest, if I don't begin to believe that you are right," said Apreece, after a pause; "I certainly am ill; and yet I am sure I saw the incognitia in her hat and feathers and shawl, as plainly as if she now stood before me."

"Ah! that's a proof it was fancy; for the image you see appears as strongly to you now, though you are convinced that it is not before you, as when you fancied it was."

"Well—really now—I am convinced that you are right, and I will not make the deposition which I intended."

Dunbar was so delighted at hearing this, that he could hardly help hugging the dupe that he had made. "Now then," said he to himself, "she is safe! and may live to repent of her crime, provided, as I see no reason to doubt, she murdered the unhappy man, whose body she consigned to the stagnant water."

Here the entrance of the jailor with two of his men, the surgeon and a strait waistcoat, put a stop to any further conversation; and Apreece rising up in his bed, and seizing the table near him, protested that he would throw it at the first man who should approach him with that infernal waistcoat. Dunbar found it therefore necessary to interfere; and he assured the surgeon that his friend's reason was returned, and that he would answer for his remaining quiet the rest of the night. He then prevailed on Apreece to let the surgeon feel his pulse; who having given it as his opinion that the patient's fever had subsided, Apreece was allowed to take his rest; and Dunbar, having seen him drop asleep, retired to his own apartment.

"So, I have made him think himself insane," thought Dunbar, as he threw himself into bed. "Scarcely can my motive reconcile me to the consciousness of having been guilty of such gross deception; but, alas! it is I am the lunatic; for I love, still passionately love, a woman whom I have reason to think guilty of the crime of murder! one, too, whose name I know not, and never may know, and whom I may never behold again!"

The next day, Dunbar, as usual, watched to behold his incognitia; and she appeared in the field, dressed in her veil, as she had formerly been, and not in the finery of the night before; but her cheeks were pale as death, and her eyes heavy; as she passed by the piece of water, he saw her shudder and turn up her fine eyes to heaven.

"Apreece!" cried Dunbar, going into his room, "there is the incognitia again in her white veil: perhaps she has not such a variety in her wardrobe as your fancy gave her."

"Say no more on that subject, say no more, Dunbar; it is a mysterious business, and time only can clear it up."

Dunbar did not much like this answer, but he resolved to drop the subject.

"But tell me," continued Apreece, "if this incognitia had been ugly, instead of handsome, should you have been so very eager to endeavor to convince me that I saw her in a suspicious situation only in a dream?"

Dunbar was so completely taken by surprise, that at first he could not answer: at last, however, he forced himself to reply, that had he not well studied and admired the expression of the countenance of the incognitia, he could not have been so immediately struck with the impossibility of her guilt; and that had she been ugly, he should probably neither have looked at her, nor been interested in her fate."

"May be so," replied Apreece, "but I firmly believe that had not the incognitia been handsome, I should not so peremptorily have been pronounced delirious: however, as I said before, I could swear to her again whenever I saw her."

The succeeding evening Apreece was well enough to sit up, and he was anxious to mount the steps and look out of the window; and Dunbar was preparing to assist him, when, having first mounted the steps himself, he saw the incognitia dressed in the remarkable hat and shawl in which Apreece and he had seen her on the

night of the murder. Dunbar instantly felt that if Apreece beheld her in that dress, he would be assured that he had seen her in reality, and not in fancy, and would proceed against her accordingly. But how should he prevent Apreece's getting up the steps without exciting his suspicions?—He was desperate; and as no good plan offered itself to his mind, he fixed on a bad one; but luckily it succeeded. He contrived to fall as he descended the steps; and pretended to be very much hurt, he found no difficulty in persuading Apreece that he was unable to help him up the steps, and that it would be dangerous for him to attempt it without assistance.

But the incognita might come again in that remarkable dress, and he could not always prevent Apreece's seeing her as he had done then; and Dunbar became miserable and anxious, when the joyful news of peace being made reached Rouen, and an exchange of prisoners took place. The news arrived at the prison at a very critical moment for the incognita and Dunbar; for the latter had just seen her in the dress mentioned above, and Apreece was just going to mount the steps in Dunbar's room, in order to look into the field, without his being able to prevent it, when the jailor entered the room, and showed them the order for their release. Apreece in a moment leaped off the steps, and, dancing about the room in a transport of joy, exclaimed, "Now I shall see dear little Wales again! and I'll go pack up directly."

"And I shall see Scotland again," thought Dunbar, sighing, "but where—O where, and when shall I see the incognita?" He then hastily ascended the steps, but she was gone;—and what excuse could he make for not leaving the prison that evening, that he might watch to see her once more?—None. Nor could he hesitate to set off for Scotland immediately, as a letter was brought him, desiring him to proceed directly home, as his father was very ill, and begged to see him before he died.

(To be Continued.)

A WOMAN SPEAKING WELL WITHOUT A TONGUE.

This woman was a native of Monsarray, in the territory of Elva's, in Portugal; the case was attested by Wilcox, Bishop of Rochester, then Chaplain to the English Factory at Lisbon, in a letter from that city September 3, 1707, and was laid before the Royal Society in London. The following is an extract from the letter:

The Conde d'Ericenza a Nobleman of letters, and curious in natural knowledge, brought from the frontiers of this country a woman without a tongue, who yet speaks very well. She is seventeen years of age, but in stature exceeds not one of seven or eight. I was with her at the Conde's house, and made her pronounce every letter of the alphabet, which she can do distinctly. She hath not the least bit of tongue, nor anything like it, but teeth on both sides of her under jaw, which turn very much inward, and almost meet. She finds the great want of a tongue in eating; for as others when they eat move their meat about with their tongue, she is forced to use her finger. She pretends to distinguish tastes very well, but I believe, doth it imperfectly. Her voice, although very distinct, is a little hollow, and like that of old people who have lost their teeth.

Lon. pap.

VERSES BY SELLECK OSBORNE.

The following verses (by SELLECK OSBORNE, editor of the Witness, now confined in Litchfield gaol) are founded on the story of an English gentleman and lady, who were on their passage to the East Indies, in one of the vessels of an English fleet. For some particular reason, they left the vessel, and went on board the Admiral's ship, leaving two young children, in the care of a negro servant about eighteen years of age. In a violent storm, the ship containing the two children was fast sinking, when a boat arrived from the Admirals' ship for their relief. The crew eagerly crowded to the boat but the negro lad, finding there was only room for himself alone, or the two children, generously put them on board, and remained himself on the wreck, which, with the generous boy was immediately engulfed in the ocean.

Tremendous howls the angry blast!
The boldest hearts with terror quake!
High o'er the vessel's torturing mast
The liquid mountains fiercely break!
Each eye is fix'd in wild despair,
And death displays his terrors there!

Now plunging in the dread abyss,
They pierce the bosom of the deep—
Now rise, where vivid lightning hiss,
And seem the murky clouds to sweep—
Through the dark waste dread thunders roll,
And horrors chills the 'frighted soul!

The storm abates—but shatter'd sore,
The leaky vessel drinks the brine;
They seek in vain, some friendly shore,
Their spirits sink—their hopes decline!
But lo! what joy succeeds their grief,
Kind Heaven grants the wish'd relief!

See on the deck young MARCO stands,
(Two blooming cherubs by his side,
Entrusted to his faithful hands;
"A mother's joy a father's pride")—
Though black his SKIN, as shades of night,
His HEART is fair—his SOUL is white!

Each to the yawl with rapture flies,
Except the noble generous boy;
"Go, lovely infants—go," he cries,
"And give your anxious parents joy—
No mother will for MARCO weep,
When fate entombs him in the deep!

"Long have my kindred ceas'd to grieve,
No sister kind my fate shall mourn—
No breast for me a sigh will leave,
No bosom friend wait my return!"
He said—and, sinking, sought the happy shore,
Where toil and slavery vex his soul no more.

PETITON TO FASHION.

Thou arbitress!—the most severe!
Whom more than church or king we fear!
Dispel our just alarms!
We ask not thee (for that were sin)
To hide our alabaster skin,
And veil our naked arms!

Nor to forego capricious whim;
Still let us ride and let us swim!
Nor dread th' inclement sky;
We ask not clothes; nay, shouldst thou take
Our few away; for thy dear sake,
To go without; we'd try.

Our health our comfort, we resign,
Nor murmur'ing worship at thy shrine;
Yet hear our cause of grief;
This dire Rheumatic's twinging pain,
Of which we scarcely dare complain,
From which we pray relief!

EMMA:

ANECDOTE

OF DR. FRANKLIN.

His peculiar talent was that of illustrating different subjects by opposite anecdotes. When he was agent in London for the province of Pennsylvania, he was frequently applied to by the Ministry for his opinion respecting the operation of the Stamp Act; but his answer was uniformly the same, "that the people of America would never submit to it." After the news of the destruction of the stamped papers had arrived in England, the Ministry sent again for the Dr. to consult with; and in conclusion offered this proposal:—"That if the Americans would engage to pay for the damage done in the destruction of the stamped paper, &c. the Parliament would then repeal the act." The Doctor having paused upon the question for some time, at length answered as follows.—"This puts me in mind of a Frenchman, who, having heated a poker red-hot, ran furiously into the street, and addressing the first Englishman he met there, "Hah! Monsieur, vaudevoux give me de plaisir de satisfaction, to run this poker one foot into your body?"—My body! replied the Englishman—"what do you mean?"—"vel den, only so far," making only about six inches. "Are you mad?" returned the other—"I tell you if you don't go about your business, I'll knock you down;" "Vel den," said the Frenchman, softening his voice and manner—"vile you, my good sire, be so obliging as to pay me for the trouble of heating this poker."

ORIGIN OF COFFEE.

CORNF is a native of Arabia, supposed by some to have been the chief ingredient of the old Lacedemonian broth. The use of this berry was not known in England till the year 1657, in which time Mr. Daniel Edwards, a Turkey merchant, on his return from Symrna to London, brought with him one Pasque Rose, a Greek of Rugusa, who was used to prepare this liquor for his master every morning, who, by the way never wanted company. The merchant, in order to get rid of such a crowd of visitants, ordered his Greek to open a Coffee house, which he did in St. Michael's Alley, in Cornhill, which was the first Coffee house erected in London.

A BRACE OF CHARACTERS—ALWAYS IN FASHION.

"I'll turn a knave, and purchase greatness.
I'll cringe to the proud man I undermine, and
fawn on him I would bite to death; I'll tip my
tongue with flattery, and smooth my face with
smiles; I'll turn Pimp, Informer, Office-broker,
nay, Coward, to be great!"

FARQUHAR.

"He would stab the bosom of unprotected
honesty, at the same moment that he rescued a
villain from distress; provided, the former dis-
puted his claim to pre-eminence, and the latter
blazoned his munificence to the world."

AMON.

Be always at leisure to do good; never make
business an excuse to decline the offices of hu-
manity.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

I met her in the rosey vale,
Sweet and luxuriant as the gale;
That breathes at early morn;
With looks expressive of her mind,
She archly said,— Pray can you find
‘A rose without a thorn?’

And if I find the flower, its hues
Glowing, and bath'd in heav'nly dews,
What shall the dead adorn?
The best reward I can impart,
I'll vow to twine around your heart,
‘A rose without a thorn.’

On wings of love my fancy speed,
To gain the prize—to gain the maid;
Who'd long my bosom torn;
With rapture sparkling in each eye,
I soon triumphantly deservy,
‘A rose without a thorn.’

A female form, void of false pride,
With truth and goodness for her guide,
On Virtue's wings upborne;
Where no rude passions storm the breast;
She is—a beauty and a zest—
‘A rose without a thorn’:

The rose I've found in JULIA's charms;
The gem I'll cherish in my arms,
And ever bless the morn,
When she consented to be mine;
And vow'd around my heart to twine,
The rose without a thorn.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 18, 1806.

Deaths in this city during the last week, of the following diseases, viz.—

Of abscess 1, apoplexy 1, casualty 1, child-bed 1, consumption 5, convulsions 2, debility 1, decay 3, dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 1, dysentery 2, intermitting fever 1, flux infantile 5, hives 2, jaundice 1, inflammation of the bowels 1, old age 2, small-pox 1, sore-throat 1, sudden death 1, teething 1, vomiting blood 1, whooping-cough 2.

Men 9, women 13, boys 11, girls 7 Total 40.

A Man killed, near the three-mile stone, by a sand-bank falling upon him.

Several incendiary attempts have lately been made to set fire to this city. On Friday night the cellar of Mr. Battin's tavern corner of John-street, was discovered to be in a blaze; and it was found out that fire had been thrown into the cellar window, which communicated to an empty hogshead; and last week a similar attempt was made to set fire to the paint shop of Mr. Sitcher in William-street. Both attempts, however, proved abortive, by their timely discovery. It requires all the vigilance of the police to prevent our being burnt up in our beds!

A stable at Brooklyn was on Saturday night destroyed by fire.

N. Y. Gaz.

Gale—Capt. Bunker, from East Florida, experienced one on the Florida coast, the 15th of September. St. Augustine had suffered considerably, several houses were blown down, the vessels in port driven on shore, and the place entirely demolished. Captain Bunker lost his vessel on Cape Romain, in the September gale of 1804, but he thinks this gale far exceeded that in severity. A great number of vessels have been driven on the Florida shore, among them a ship belonging to Philadelphia from Havana, with a cargo of sugar. A brig which had gone on shore had been got off and towed into St. Mary's river.

General Miranda—Captain Rose, of the sch'r. Dispatch, arrived on Wednesday morning in 18 days from Trinidad, informs us that General Miranda had been again at that Island—that he received a reinforcement of British officers, and three ships of war, and then proceeded to the Maine. Two days before Capt. Rose sailed

dispatches had arrived, announcing, that the expedition had effected a landing on the Maine, and two battles had been fought, in one of which, 400 Spanish soldiers were killed. It is said that the inhabitants of the country were daily flocking to Miranda's standard; and no doubts were entertained at Trinidad that the expedition would be successful. It is added that Gen. Miranda's brother had been executed and hung in chains.

The Corporation of Trinity Church has erected over the grave of HAMILTON, in Trinity Church yard, a beautiful Monument of white Marble, composed of a Pyramid resting on an elevated base or pedestal, surrounded with four elegant urns, and rising to the height of about twelve feet. The following is the inscription:

To the memory of
ALEXANDER HAMILTON,
The Corporation of Trinity Church has erected
THIS MONUMENT
In testimony of their respect, for
The patriot of incorruptible integrity,
The Soldier of approved valour,
The Statesman of consummate wisdom:
Whose virtues and talents will be admired

By

GRATEFUL POSTERITY

Long after this marble shall have mouldered into dust
He died July 12th, 1804: aged 47."

DANBURY, Oct. 7.

Distressing Accidents.—On the 2d inst. as a Miss Eliza Fox, a girl in the 4th year of her age, and daughter of Moses Fox, on South-East (N.Y.) was standing by the fire, her clothes took flame, and burnt her in so shocking a manner, that she expired in about 23 hours. The mother of the child had stepped out of the house about 3 minutes before: hearing her child scream, she ran in and found her enveloped in flames. It may serve as an additional caution to parents, to inform them that the child's gown was made of Muslin, the most improper substance that can be worn near a fire. An inattention to this remark has caused many similar accidents.

One day last week, a woman was killed at Bridgeport, by the discharge of a gun. A brother of the young man who fired the gun, had been out a gunning, and on his return had left the gun loaded: the young man, not knowing it to be loaded, took it up and presented it towards the woman, in sport: As she turned to run from him, he snapped the gun, and the contents were lodged in her back.—The young man fainted, and has been delirious ever since.

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October 18.

922—tf.

Hutchins' Improved

ALMANACKS, for 1807,

By the Groce, Dagen, or Single, for sale at this Office.

COURT OF HYMEN.

HAIL! every pair whom love unites
In Hymen's pleasing ties,
That endless source of pure delights,
That blessing of the wise.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Kunzie, Mr. Isaac Cross, to Miss Magdalene Heiser, daughter of Mr. Jacob Heiser.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Robert Blakeley, to Miss Christiana Clark, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Doctor M'Knight, Mr. Nathaniel Coskry, merchant, to Miss Rachael Allen, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Faistout, Mr. Robert Carter, merchant, of this city, to Miss Jane Foster, daughter of James Foster, Esq. of Jamaica, Long Island.

At Elizabeth-Town, N. J. on Monday evening, by the Rev. Mr. John McDowell, Mr. James Tellair, to Miss Mary-Ann Whitlock.

At North-Castle, Mr. John Hains, Merchant, of this city, to Miss Ferris, daughter of Thomas Ferris, Esq. of that place.

At Albany, Mr. John Bronson, merchant, to Miss Catharine McGourk.

Same place, Mr. Barent Roseboom, merchant, to Mrs. Timms, of Schenectady.

Same place, Mr. Theodorus Ross, Esq. of Willsborough, to Miss Eliza Gansevoort, of Greenbush.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

SELECT ACADEMY.

GEORGE THRESHER—from LONDON.

TEACHER OF PLAIN & ORNAMENTAL
WRITING ACCOUNTS, DRAWING, MARINE
PAINTING, &c. &c.

No. 13, BROAD-STREET—New-York.

Hours from 10 to 12, and 2 to 4, in the afternoon; private lessons on Writing Accounts, from 4 to 6, and 7 to 9, in the evening—3 times a week.

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Compliment Cards, and Frontispiece's, elegantly designed.

SHIP-WRECK OF THE ROSE-IN-BLOOM.

G. T. begs leave to return his sincere thanks to the gentlemen passengers of the ship *Rose-in-Bloom*, who favored him with the particular situation of the most awful moments of distress; he likewise thanks them for their orders they have favored him with, and their Drawings shall be executed with neatness, and dispatch. The Plates will be engraved by an eminent engraver—say plate 3 feet by 2.

Subscriptions will be received at Messrs. I. R. LEVY's, & Co. or at his rooms as above.

Five hundred copies are already subscribed to.

G. THRESHER.

October 18.

922—tf.

FASHIONABLE FENDERS.

J. Barham, No. 103 Maiden-Lane, has just received by the ship Robert Burns, from Liverpool, an elegant assortment of Japan'd & Brass Fenders, and by former arrivals a handsome assortment of cocalico & black ground Tea Trays, Tea Urns, Plate warmers, Plated Goods, Ivory and other Knives & Forks, Satin wood, Tea-Caddies, block tin Dish covers and all other articles suitable for house keeping, in the Hardware business, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash or credit.

A fashionable assortment of Andirons, Shovels and Tongs, Jam Hooks, Hearth Brushes & brass nos'd Bellows always on hand.

LONDON FASHIONS.

No. 7, COURTLAND-STREET.

MRS. TURNER,

Just from London, Fancy Dress and Pelisse makers. Respectfully inform the Ladies of this city and its vicinity, that she has opened for their inspection some of the latest and most prevalent ENGLISH FASHIONS, which she hopes will meet their approval, and induce them to give their orders; flattering herself, her connexion with the principal houses of Fashion in London, will enable her to execute them with taste and elegance, on the shortest notice, as it will ever be her study to secure the Patronage and support of a generous public, whose favors she will feel a pride in acknowledging with gratitudo and respect.

COURT OF APOLLO.

ON THE EYES.

TELL me not of size or hue,
Jetty black, or azure blue,
Haze, sober grey, or brown;
If they're clouded by a frown,
Or signs of reason and of thought,
They'll never please.

But though sparkling with delight,
Or with sorrow dark as night;
Tho' their lustre dimm'd by woe,
Or by bashfulness cast low;
If oft gemm'd by Pity's tear,
Let their owner never fear;

They'll surely please.

A. F. B.

FORFEITS.

WHILE with swains and nymphs at play,
The fair, who guest amiss,
By joint consent, was doom'd to pay
The forfeit of a kiss.

Hannah was out; my conscious mind
Could scarce its bliss believe,
To hear my happy self design'd
Her forfeit to receive!

Safely to her's my lips were laid,
Then breath'd a sigh to part;
No forfeit there I gain'd, but paid
The forfeit of my heart.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE'S COMPLAINT;

THE listless ear, that languid eye,
The peevish question, petulant reply,
To my torn heart too plainly prove,
That Henry has forgot to love.
The fatal trust confirm'd appears;
'Tis this which bathes my cheek with tears;
Which steals the lustre from mine eye,
And bids health's roseate bloom to fly;
In ceaseless anguish waste the night,
And sicken at returning light.
Ah! youth belov'd and shall I now
Retain thy cold reluctant vow!
That vow, which hast, with fond delight,
To EMMA thou wert wont to plight.

EPICRAM.

THE damsel too prudishly shy
Or too forward, what swain would possess;
For the one will too often deny,
And the other too soon will say yes.

COUNT RUMFORD'S

WAS an excellent scheme for exciting sympathetic industry amongst the children of the poor at Munich. In the large hall, where the elder children were busy in spinning, there was a range of seats for the younger children, who were not yet permitted to work; these being compelled to sit idle, and to see the busy multitude, grew extremely uneasy in their own situation, and became very anxious to be employed.

FASHIONABLE COMBS.

An elegant assortment of Tortoise and Mock Tortoise Combs, for sale at John Barnham's Hardware Store, No. 193, Maiden-lane,

Sept. 6.

915-45.

LIKENESS'S.

TAKEN BY THE REFLECTING MIRROR, AND PAINTED FINELY IN MINIATURE.

MR PARSEN, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen that he has returned to this city, and resides at No. 58, Chatham-Street, where he will continue for some time to take Likeness by the Reflecting Mirror, lately received from London, which only requires a few minutes sitting to take the most correct Likeness in any position, and reduced to any size in Miniature. Price of each picture, which depends on the size, and finely painted, is from 5 to 20 dollars each—the Likeness is warranted to please.

Likewise, historical and fancy pieces painted on silk for Ladies needle-work, and all kinds of hair devices neatly executed.

N.B. A few Ladies and Gentlemen may be instructed in the art of drawing and painting in water colors, on moderate terms.

Sept. 6.

916-tf.

STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS, WHOLESALE & RETAIL JEWELLERS & WATCH MAKERS, NO. 137, WILLIAM-STREET.

Impressed with a due sense of the many favors conferred on them, beg to return their sincere thanks to a generous public, and to inform them they have opened a Store No. 441, Pearl-Street, where they intend keeping a general assortment of the most fashionable articles in their line. In addition to their former Stock, they have just received an elegant assortment of Ladies ornamented dress Combs of the latest Parisian fashions, (they invite the ladies to be early in their applications) as also a fresh supply of the highly approved Venus Tooth-Powder, which is now selling with such rapidity by them, the sole venders in New-York. They have on hand a large assortment of fashionable gold and silver Watches, which they are determined to dispose of, wholesale or retail on very liberal terms.

N.B. Spanish Segars of the very best quality in boxes, from 250 to 1000.

Sept. 6.

916-tf.

DURABLE INK,

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
Which nothing will Discharge without destroying the
Linen.

The Utility of this Preparation, whenever such an Article is wanting, need not be pointed out—Initials, Names, Cyphers, Crests, &c. may be formed with the utmost expedition, and without the incumbrance or expense of any Implements; and will be found to stand every Test of Washings, Buckings, Acids, Alkalies, &c. which oily and other Compositions will not. If wrote on Linen as it comes from the loom, it firmly stands the Bleaching. It is also a much better, as well as indelible Criterion of a Person's Property, than Initials made with Thread, Silk, or Instruments, frequently used for this purpose.

A fresh supply of the above, just received by Robert Bach, & co. Druggists, No. 128 Pearl-Street, for sale, wholesale and retail; where also may be had Drugs and Medicines, Patent Medicines, Perfumery of the best kinds, Tooth Brushes, Reeves' drawing colours, &c. &c.

July 19.

909-tf.

MARTIN RABESON,

At his wholesale UMBRELLA MANUFACTORY, No. 34, Maiden-Lane, corner of Nassau-Street, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he carries on the above manufacture extensively, and sells Umbrellas and Parasols, in the greatest variety, wholesale and retail. Ladies wishing to purchase handsome Parasols, may always have the choice out of one hundred doz.

N.B. A number of Girls wanted to sew umbrellas or to net fringes

June 14

904-3m.

The best assortment of Hymns to be had at thi's office.

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE,
NO. 114, BROADWAY.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chopping, 4s per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass. Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s. bottle, or 3 dls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Peal Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences. Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning gray, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pimento, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. & 1s. 6d. Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Salt of Lemons, for taking out iron mold.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

* * * The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs. Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again January 5, 1806.

833. ly.

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,

Split straw do. do.

Paper do.

Wire assorted sizes,

Artificial and straw Flowers,

do. do. Wreaths,

Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,

Paste boards,

Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,

Sarsnets, white and pink,

Open work, straw trimming & Tassels:

With every article in the Millenary line by Wholesale only.

N.B. One or two Apprentices wanted at the Millenary business.

August 30,

915-45.

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON,

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.